Per. My purpoſe was for *Tharſus*, there to ſtrike
The inhoſpitable *Cleon*, but I am for other ſeruice firſt,
Toward *Ephesus* turne our blowne ſailes,
Eftſoones Ile tell why, ſhall we refreſh vs ſir vpon your ſhore,
and giue you gold for ſuch prouiſion as our intents will neede.

Lyſ. Sir, with all my heart, and when you come a ſhore,
I haue another ſleight.

Per. You ſhall preuaile, were it to woe my daughter, for it
ſeemes you haue beene noble towards her.

Lyſ. Sir, lend me your arme.

Per. Come my *Marina*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Now our ſands are almoſt run,
More a little, and then dum.
This my laſt boone giue me,
For ſuch kindneſſe muſt releeue me:
That you aptly will ſuppoſe.
What pageantry, what feates, what ſhewes,
What Minſtrelſie, what pretty din,
The Regent made in *Metaline*,
To greete the King; ſo he thriued,
That he is promiſed to be wiued
To faire Marina, but in no wiſe,
Till he had done his ſacrafice,
As *Dian* bad, whereto being bound,
The Interim pray, you all confound.
In fetherd briefeneſſe ſailes are fild,
And wiſhes fall out as thei'r wild.
At *Epheſus* the Temple ſee,
Our King and all his company,
That he can hither come ſo ſoone,
Is by your fancies thankfull doome. *Exit.*

Enter Pericles, Lyſimachus, Helicanus, Marina, and others.

Per. Haile *Dian*, to performe thy iuſt command,
I here confeſſe my ſelfe the King of *Tyre*.
Who frighted from my Country, did wed at *Pentapolis*, the
faire *Thaiſa*, at ſea in child bed died ſhe, but brought foorth a
Maid

Maid childe called *Marina*, whom O Goddeſſe weares
ſiluer liuery, ſhe at *Thaſus* was nurſt with *Cleon*, who
teene yeares he ſought to murder, but her better ſtars
her to *Metaline*, gainſt whoſe ſhore riding, her fortunes
the maid aboord to vs where by her owne moſt cleare
brance, ſhe made knowne ther ſelfe my daughter.

Th. Voyce and fauour, you are, you are Oroyall *Peri*

Pe. What means the woman? ſhe dyes, helpe Ge

Cer. Sir if you haue told *Dianaes* Alter true, this is y

Per. Reuerend appearer, no, I threw her ouer-boo
theſe very armes.

Cer. Vpon this Coaſt, I warrant you.

Per. Tis moſt certaine.

Cer. Looke to the Lady; O ſhee's but ouerioyde,
Earely in bluſtring morne, this Lady was throwne
ſhore. I opened the Coffin, found theſe rich iewels,
her, and placed her heere in *Dianaes* Temple.

Per. May we ſee them?

Cer. Great ſir, they ſhall be brought you to my ho
ther I inuite you, looke, *Thaiſa* is recouered.

Thai. O let me looke if he be none of mine, my fan
to my ſence bead no lieencious eare, but curb it ſpight
O my Lord, are you not *Pericles*? like him you ſpeak
you are: did you not name a tempeſt, a birth, and dea

Per. The voice of dead *Thaiſa*.

Thai. That *Thaiſa* am I, ſuppoſed dead and drownd.

Per. Immortall *Dian*!

Thai. Now I know you better, when wee with tea
Pentapolis, the King my Father gaue you ſuch a ring.

Per. This no more, you Gods, your preſent kindn
my paſt miſeries ſport, you ſhall do well that on the
her lips I may melt, and no more be ſeene; O come, b
ſecond time within theſe armes.

Mar. My heart leaps to be gone into my mothers

Per. Looke who kneeles heere, fleſh of thy fleſh
burden at the ſea, and call'd *Marina*, for ſhe was yee

Thai. Bleſt, and mine owne.